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The Children's Newspaper, Week Ending October 15, 1949

£750 SCHOOL QUIZ—*See page 9*

Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No 1595—October 15, 1949

1000 mph ROUNDABOUT

CAN man stand up to supersonic speeds, and the acceleration of rocket and other aircraft?

The U S Navy is building a supersonic roundabout to test man's endurance. In this a man will be whirled round faster and faster until the limit of the machine is reached— in the region of 1000 m p h. The man in the merry-go-round will make an average of 250 revolutions a minute around the 300-feet circuit. His rate of breathing, heart-beats, blood pressure, and so on will be measured, and the onset of a "black-out" will be carefully studied.

Islands That Vanish

MR DAVID REES-WILLIAMS, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies, spoke recently on islands which disappear.

Fou Island, in the Indian Ocean, disappeared last year. Avocaire, a neighbouring island, disappeared and then reappeared. Falcon Island, one of the Tongan group in the Pacific, had disappeared and reappeared three times, the Tongan Prime Minister planting the Tongan flag on the island just before its last disappearance.

Crazy Days at the Conjurors' Congress

FUN WITH THE MAGICIANS

Conjurors from all over Britain—500 of them—met at Southport recently for their annual congress. At such a gathering almost anything could be expected to happen, and a C N correspondent who was there found that it did. Here he tells us something of his experiences.

THE magicians had come together with the intention of enjoying themselves, and as most of them enjoyed making magic and doing tricks, it is not difficult to understand that the Palace Hotel, where the Congress was held, was a crazy place to live in during the four days that it lasted.

Nothing seemed to happen in the normal way. For instance, a waiter stood horrified while one of the guests took a pound note out of his pocket to pay the bill, tore it up into little pieces, screwed them up in a ball and handed it over as payment for his lunch. The waiter's horror changed to surprise when, protesting violently, he unrolled the paper ball to find that he had a complete pound note in his hand.

The delegates also take advantage of these meetings to sell to each other new tricks they have invented, and to compare notes and ideas on the best and most amusing way of performing the old ones. You would find little groups of men in various corners of the lounges showing each other card tricks, but most of them used their bedrooms as miniature theatres. I went into one room and then nearly dashed out again for the fire-brigade. It looked as though a fire had broken out, but somebody explained that they were magic flames, and quite harmless!

Escaped Rabbit

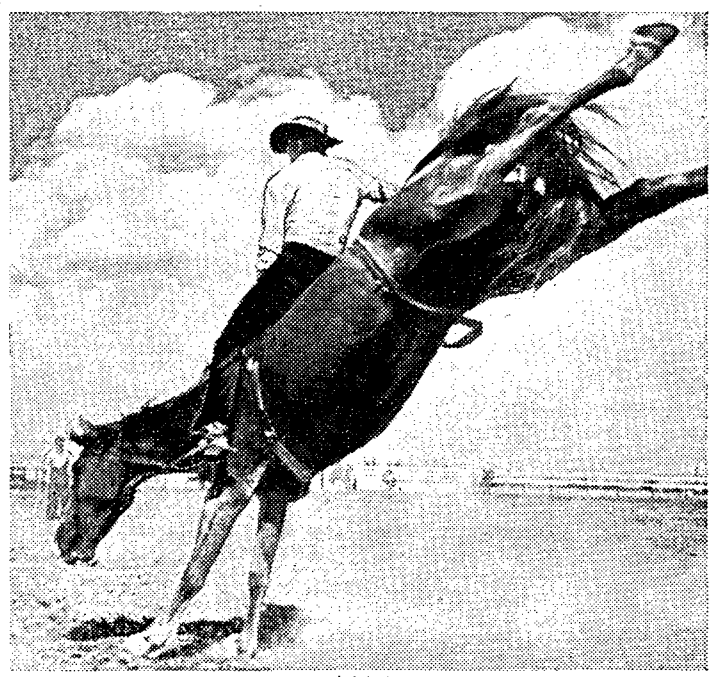
In another room I found the occupants chasing a rabbit, which someone had produced and which had escaped; while in a third, I found beautiful pictures being made up out of old pieces of rag painted with fluorescent paint. On the bed was a specially-designed portable ultra-violet lamp which made the rags sparkle and change colour.

The Mayor of Southport had given the magicians the "freedom" of the town during their four days' stay. So a few of us set off on a crazy shopping expedition. The manager of a local store entered into the spirit of the joke and, for half an hour, his shop assistants and their customers witnessed all kinds of strange phenomena.

The two magicians whom I accompanied started their campaign with a good deed. A two-year-old boy was refusing at the top of his voice to try on a new mackintosh and we decided to go into action. The little chap soon

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RIDE HIM, COWBOY!



This bronco at a Nebraska rodeo was anxious to part company with the cowboy

The Elusive Bunyip

WHAT is a Bunyip? Do you eat it, or do you play a tune on it?

The answer is: first catch your Bunyip; for it is the Australian edition of our Loch Ness monster—and more disconcerting, for it is likely to thrust out its queer, shaggy face from any river or lake and make its alarming booming noise at you, instead of staying in one particular "haunt."

Two men repairing the bank of a river in New South Wales recently declared they had seen a bunyip; it sped away, they said, in a series of short leaps.

Now the Aborigines knew all about the bunyip, and warned white men to beware of it; they said it was as big as a bull, had a head like an emu, the mane and tail of a horse, and the flippers of a seal. But Australians were sceptical, until white men themselves began reporting the elusive bunyip; then they, too, developed Bunyipitis.

From time to time in the past century independent observers have reported seeing in lakes or rivers a queer animal about the size of a large sheepdog. The latest bunyip, from New South Wales, is described as almost black and about three feet long, with a thick neck and two big ears.

But no-one has ever caught a bunyip, nor have the remains of one been found, and the naturalists' explanation of the mystery is simply that seals sometimes make their way up-river from the coast. As for the bunyip's alleged boom, they ascribe that to the bittern, the long-legged bird that frequents swampy country.

There we must leave the bunyip—a mystery as unsolved as that of our own Nessie.

What's Holding Up the Traffic?

Small boy (or is he a big boy?) investigates a model tram-jam



Jimmy Out of a Job?

AS a result of a unique "race" at Elie, in Fifeshire, it looks as if Jimmy, the Clydesdale horse which draws the dustcart, will soon be out of a job.

It was proposed that Jimmy should be replaced by a tractor, so it was suggested that both horse and tractor should cover the same "course" of dustbins and their times be compared.

Alas for Jimmy, his time was 5 hours against the 2 hours 35 minutes taken by the tractor, so he will probably have to seek "fresh woods and pastures new."

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Bridging the Gulf Between East and West

It is no exaggeration to say that the present session of debate in the General Assembly of the United Nations is the most important yet held. There are big problems to be solved, chief among them being a workable atomic-power agreement.

Just before the opening of the Assembly the Western Powers announced that there was evidence of an atomic explosion in the Soviet Union, a fact that was confirmed later by the Soviet Government. Thus the threat of an atomic armaments race, with its immeasurable economic burden, has become much graver.

Moreover, the speeches of the Foreign Ministers of the Big Four were delivered not only in the shadow of atomic power, but also against a background of world-wide struggles of many nations against the growing pressure of Russia and her satellites. "Cold war" is the technical term used in recent years to describe this pressure. But not everywhere is this war "cold." China, torn asunder by civil war for a number of years, has now openly accused Russia of sponsoring the enemies of her Government.

Another challenge to Soviet political methods has been made by Yugoslavia. Although Yugoslavia is a small country, her people are known for their fierce spirit of independence. That more than anything else has caused her Government—Communist in its belief—to resist Russian attempts to interfere with the day-to-day administration of the country. Yugoslavia brought her case before the General Assembly, and a day or two later the news came from Moscow that Russia had denounced her 1945 treaty of friendship with Yugoslavia.

It will be interesting to watch the developments of the Russo-Yugoslav struggle in the General Assembly, for it will show whether Russia is really ready to respect the integrity of other nations. From Russia we have every sort of assurance that she does love peace and respects the sovereignty of other nations, especially the smaller ones. But there has been too great a contrast between her actions and these protestations.

Question of Trust

The Western Powers have rightly pointed out that before we can trust Russia she must explain or withdraw her menacing words to Yugoslavia, especially those in which the U S S R threatened more serious measures against that country.

The same question of trust is the basis of the solution of the atomic bomb problem. Russia demands its abolition, and only a few days ago agreed with the idea of international control. But what is meant by international control? Does it mean—as America sees it—that inspectors of an international atomic agency are free to travel anywhere in the world, inspect any factory, any mine, or power-station; or does it mean—as the Russians would seem to prefer—that such inspectors would receive only a brief statement from a given Government which they may believe or not?

So the eyes of the world now turn to New York, where it is hoped that reason will prevail on such matters as the atomic bomb and Russia's relations with Yugoslavia and China.

Without doubt the most important task now facing the General Assembly is the job of re-establishing trust between the nations, for without trust there can be no real solution of the problems.

Disappointed?

Some boys and girls were unable to obtain last week's C N because their newsagent had sold out. There are plenty of C Ns available, but newsagents cannot cater with certainty for chance customers.

The sure way to save disappointment is to give your newsagent a firm order to reserve a copy of C N for you weekly.

Conjurors

Continued from page 1

discovered that it was no ordinary mackintosh. As soon as he put it on, chocolates appeared from its sleeves or could be found under its collar. The moment he took it off, the chocolates disappeared. He soon stopped crying and went off wearing his magic mackintosh and sucking away at the sweets.

The girl on the stationery counter, on the other hand, called for the manager in dismay during our visit to her. She had handed one of our party a fountain pen to examine, but the moment he took it the pen turned into an orange in his hand and he politely told her that he had come to buy a pen and not fruit. When the manager came up, the customer looked relieved and produced the missing pen from the manager's nose! Even he looked startled at that. After a mad meal, at which my companions finished their food and then appeared to eat the knife, fork, and spoon as well, I dragged them back to the hotel.

There were, of course, a number of public performances at the local theatre, but I got my biggest thrill from meeting and talking to so many magicians in their off-time. I regret that I cannot tell C N readers how any of the tricks are done, because all magicians take a vow to keep their secrets from outsiders and particularly journalists. I felt also that it would be churlish to eavesdrop while I was their guest.

Railwaymen Off Duty

What does a railway guard do in his spare time? He doesn't lean out of the kitchen window practising at waving flags, that is quite certain. Well, at least one guard works cushions in silk, and the pleasing products of his hobby were on view at the recent Arts and Crafts exhibition of railway workers held at Swindon.

A retired parcels porter and a motor driver exhibited embroidery at the same exhibition, and a goods loader showed a duchesse set, table centre, and runner fashioned on a hand-made spool.

Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?

What would you do if you suddenly woke up and found a big brown bear lying beside you? This was the situation that faced Merchant Navy Cadet Ronald Ralph one day when his ship, the Carpentaria, was halfway across the Indian Ocean. The bear was being shipped from Calcutta to the Sydney Zoo, and had escaped from her cage.

Coming on deck one morning, the Chief Officer was astonished to see Bruin sitting comfortably on a hatch watching a Moslem sailor performing his devotions for the day. He at once asked the Second Officer to fetch the key of the bear's cage, which was kept in Cadet Ralph's cabin.

Time For a Nap

Bruin, keeping a close eye on these arrangements being made for her welfare, immediately lumbered off in the wake of the Second Officer, and, brushing him aside at the cabin door, entered to find the cadet sleeping peacefully in his bunk.

A tray with tea was at the side of the bunk, and in record time the bear swallowed the sugar, drank all the milk, and licked the tea-leaves out of the tea-pot. Then, considering that it was time for a nap, she climbed clumsily into the bunk.

At this point Cadet Ralph woke up! And in less time than it takes to say BEAR left his cabin!

Bruin Has a Date

Bruin left, too, and was pursued for several hours along various decks and in and out of cabins before being run to earth in the ship's dispensary, where she climbed into a sink and drank a bottle of methylated spirits at a gulp.

This alarmed the pursuers, for no-one could know what effect the methylated spirits would have; but then someone had a bright idea. A trail of dates was laid from the dispensary to the cage, and Bruin at once followed it, eating dates all the way until she was safely back in the cage, with the door slammed and bolted.

News From Everywhere

THE GREAT FOUR

Sir Ronald Storrs is to lecture (in Italian) in several cities in Italy on "The Four Greatest Books: The Bible, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare."

The Young Vic Company will begin a three-week tour of Holland and Scandinavia on October 17, and will play A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Television will be available to four-fifths of Britain in 1954.

Sir Frederick Rowland, who has been elected the new Lord Mayor of London, is a liveryman of the Horners' Company which in former centuries comprised buyers of horns and manufacturers of horn-ware.

Good Business

British firms exhibiting at the autumn fair at Budapest in Hungary, have received orders for their goods amounting to many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

A horse in a coalmine at Tamines, Belgium, suddenly stopped towing its wagon and backed out of the mine shaft. Seeing this, six miners followed, and then the roof caved in.

Sir Herbert Walker who was General Manager of the Southern Railway for 15 years, has died at the age of 81. It was under his guidance that the Southern Railway's suburban electric service became the largest in the world, and that Southampton was developed as the principal British port for fast ocean liners.

The G P O states that on the average telegrams take 44 minutes between their handing-in and the receipt at the post office at the other end—a minute less than last year.

TOY SOLDIERS HELPED

The Norfolk wherry, Albion, restored by the recently-formed Norfolk Wherry Trust, is due to make her maiden trip from Great Yarmouth to Norwich on October 13. Much voluntary help has been given in restoring the vessel and a little boy sent his toy soldiers to help in making the lead counter-weight for the mast.

A new lectern, commemorating William Carey, the great Baptist missionary, is being dedicated in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, October 11.

Air Meal

The Philadelphia Rotary Club, U S, recently invited the Nottingham Rotary Club to lunch, but as the invitation could not be accepted the lunch was packed in ice and sent over by air.

There are now over 12,017,500 wireless licence-holders in Great Britain.

Up to the end of August 130,367 permanent houses were completed in Great Britain. Some 713,233 permanent and temporary houses have been built since the post-war housing programme began.

A glass of water was on show at the harvest thanksgiving services in many churches in drought-stricken Taunton.

"The first hundred years are the hardest," said Mrs E. Hutchings of Massachusetts on her 102nd birthday.

EVENING PLAYTIME

In order that children need not play in the streets in the most congested part of Nottingham this winter, play centres at six junior schools are to be open.

A memorial hall is to be constructed in Singapore in honour of Gandhi.

An international Scout patrol camp will be held during the Festival of Britain, and all countries will be invited to send representatives.

October 23 is to be Education Sunday in our churches.

TOP GIRL

Having reached a height of 26,200 feet in a light aeroplane, Mrs M. Zimmerman, of Reading, Pennsylvania, claims the altitude record for women.

An experimental crop of ten acres of sunflowers grown for edible oil and protein at Assington, Suffolk, has been reaped by a combine harvester.

In the first eight months of this year 75,023 American visitors came to Britain, and 21,000 more stayed for short periods while travelling to other countries.

A hairless rat, caught at Sidford, Devonshire, is believed to be the only one ever caught in England.

Tasmania is accepting boys from Britain under the Big Brother Scheme, and ten boys are on their way there.

A Lecture From Father

Fathers employed in transport work will be invited by the Bellevue Road Junior Boys' School, Battersea, to give a talk about their work to the older boys who are studying transport.

The new 2s 6d National Savings stamp, now available at Post Offices, has a design symbolical of thrift; it shows a squirrel holding a half-crown piece in its paws.

An ex-naval frogman has been employed at Sheringham, Norfolk, to find lobster pots lost in the sea.

Many Happy Turns

On his 75th birthday Mr W. T. Hobbs of Torquay swam for 75 minutes.

Australia is to hold a competition for a memorial to be set up at Canberra in honour of the United States' part in her defence during the war.



Off to Work

The creel-carriers of the fishing village of Newhaven, on the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh, still wear their traditional dress when going to work. A creel is a wickerwork basket used for carrying fish.

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Home Again

The Aberdeen trawler Viking Enterprise, home from the North Sea with a harvest of fish, welcomed by the seagulls in the harbour.

HE REMEMBERED DANIEL

It is hoped that the 300th "Lion Sermon" at St Katherine Cree Church, London, will be preached on October 17 by the Radio Padre, the Revd R. Selby-Wright.

Some weeks ago the CN told how Sir John Gayer, a 17th-century merchant, was threatened by a lion when he was lost in a desert, and how, remembering Daniel and praying for deliverance, he promised to devote the proceeds of his merchandise to charity if he were spared. He kept his promise and made one of his gifts to his parish church, where the "Lion sermon" has been preached ever since.

Representatives of the Gayer family will be at St Katherine Cree next Monday, and one of them will read the lessons.

Bulldozer Breed?

AMONG the many small personal possessions of Mr Muir-Wilson, an engineering scientist, and his doctor wife, when they left their home in England to start a new life Down Under, were two bulldozers!

Their son Peter had sent word from Tasmania that he had bought 300 acres of virgin bush for farming. That land has to be cleared; and the bulldozers will do it thoroughly and quickly.

BORROWED TUNE

Asked by Midlothian Education Committee to give a seven-minute talk on any musical topic, a candidate for the post of county music organiser gave a short account of the history of jazz. In the course of it he sang the first line of the song Yes! We Have No Bananas, to demonstrate that the tune was borrowed from the Hallelujah Chorus in the Messiah. He got the job!

Prime Minister's Fan

When the Prime Minister visited Llandudno recently he was presented with a fan carved out of a single block of slate by Mr William Roberts, who lives near Bangor.

This craftsman had spent many hours of his spare time carving this exquisite fan; but, alas, it was knocked over and some of its leaves, thin as paper, were shattered when a huge bouquet of flowers was moved at the request of the audience, so that they could "see Mrs Attlee better."

Mr Huw Edwards, President of the North Wales Federation of Labour Parties, had moved the bouquet, and he said "I have partly destroyed a masterpiece, but the Chinese say that a craftsman will only make a better masterpiece when he has seen his first work broken, and Mr Roberts has offered to carve another."

Mr Attlee has now invited Mr Roberts to deliver his second masterpiece personally to Downing Street.

SUNFLOWER FOOD

A new factory has been opened in Monmouthshire to process the seeds of sunflowers grown in this country.

Farmers have found that sunflowers can be successfully cultivated in this country; in fact, it is estimated that the yield per acre is nearly double that of other countries where sunflowers are grown commercially.

At first the main product of the factory will be oil for margarine; but in due course, breakfast foods, salad oils, cooking oils, and even sweets will be produced from the sunflower seeds.

75 YEARS OF POSTAL UNION

No fewer than 126 countries and colonies are issuing special stamps in honour of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Universal Postal Union, which is being celebrated this week.

The first of these international issues came from Germany in April, the design showing a statue of Hannah Von Stephan, through whose efforts the U P U came about. The last of the special issues will probably appear in November.

British Colonies are issuing stamps of four designs, one showing Mercury scattering letters across the world, two more depicting various means of postal transport, and another with the symbol of the U P U Movement. A single stamp from Leichtenstein shows a posthorn set against the map of the world; and the U S stamps will show birds carrying letters round the Earth.

Thus do these stamps, and many more, honour one of the most successful international agreements ever made.

Puppets on Parade

The Puppeteers, as the showmen of the model theatres are called, have been displaying their intricate art at the Annual Exhibition of the British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild which closes on October 12 at The Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, London, W C.

Exhibits illustrating all types of puppetry and stage design are on view; stage performances by experts are given hourly; and there are demonstrations of the construction of puppets. Beginners in this fascinating art have been taking their own puppets to the Exhibition, and experts have criticised their performances in the friendly spirit characteristic of these enthusiasts of the model theatre.

SAVING COAL

In an endeavour to reduce coal consumption the Northern Division of the Coal Board are to instal modern fireplaces in fifty colliery houses at Ferryhill, near Durham.

The cost will be £3000, and to cover this the miners occupying the houses have agreed to a reduction of their coal allowance.

India Has a Second Name

The Dominion of India is to restore its ancient name of Bharat as an alternative; so that the country will in future be known as India or Bharat.

The name comes from the Bharatas, a powerful tribe of Aryan people who many centuries ago invaded and conquered much of India, which was once known as Bharata-varsha, Land of the Bharatas.

The Bharatas play a great part in ancient Hindu literature. The famous poem, The Mahabharata, means The Story of the Bharatas; and another famous Hindu epic, The Ramayana, tells the legend of a gentle and noble King Bharata and his great half-brother, Rama.

This Bharata of legend was the son of King Dasaratha of Oudh and his second wife, the heir to the throne being Rama, son of the first wife. Bharata's mother persuaded King Dasaratha to banish Rama to the wilderness for 14 years, and to make Bharata heir to the throne.

When King Dasaratha died, Bharata refused the throne and departed for the wilderness to urge Rama to return as the rightful heir. Rama, still obedient to his father's command, would not return until his term of exile was over, so Bharata reluctantly ruled in his half-brother's name.

Meanwhile, Rama had his famous adventure with Ravana, demon-king of Ceylon, who had carried off Rama's wife Sita. Rama pursued him, but was unable to cross the straits dividing India and Ceylon until the monkey people came to his assistance. The monkeys threw rocks into the strait—still called Rama's Bridge—and Rama was then able to cross to Ceylon and recover his wife. Rama then returned triumphantly to Oudh, where the faithful and unselfish Bharata handed over the throne to him.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME

AN Illinois farmer recently discovered that nine of his cows were missing, and with the help of friends—on foot, on horseback, even in a plane—he set out to trace them.

The well-meaning friends did so much damage to his cornfields, however, that he decided to call off the search; it would be cheaper to lose the cattle.

The following morning he went to his barn and there were the nine truant cows, placidly awaiting admission!

The Russian Cut

A writer in the Tailor and Cutter has been making some severe comments on the clothes worn by some Russian leaders.

The Russian ambassadors in London, he observes, seem to have learned very little from Savile Row, and persist in wearing jackets in the style of the 1920s, with one button above the waist and one below.

Mr Maisky, the critic continues, never leaves the bottom button of his waistcoat undone, as he should; and Mr Litvinov is inclined to look as if his braces have broken. Even Stalin wears clothes that "are so plain as to be almost inexplicable."

History's Greatest Migration

The Government of Pakistan recently gave some figures about what it calls the greatest migration in history.

When the two Dominions of India and Pakistan were created in 1947, great numbers of people moved from one Dominion to the other the Moslems wishing to live in Pakistan and the Hindus in India. The great trek went on for many months, and now, two years later, the two Governments have been able to make records of the numbers who took part.

Seven million Moslem refugees entered Pakistan from different parts of India, and over five million Hindus left Pakistan for India. But many of the people who made the journey were old or infirm, and nearly half a million people, we are now told, died before reaching their destination.

JUBILEE FOR LEIGH

The Lancashire town of Leigh has just held a Civic Week commemorating the jubilee of its incorporation as a borough. Two exhibitions illustrated the achievements of local government, and the industries of Leigh—coal, cotton, rayon, cables, brickmaking, basketmaking, and agricultural machinery.

AMERICAN SCHOOL IN LANCASHIRE

Since the great airfield at Burtonwood, near Warrington, in Lancashire, was taken over from the Royal Air Force by aircrews and groundstaffs of the United States Air Force, a settlement of American families has grown up in the neighbourhood. A school of army huts has been provided for the children of the American airmen, and here we see some of the girls playing games under the eye of one of the teachers.

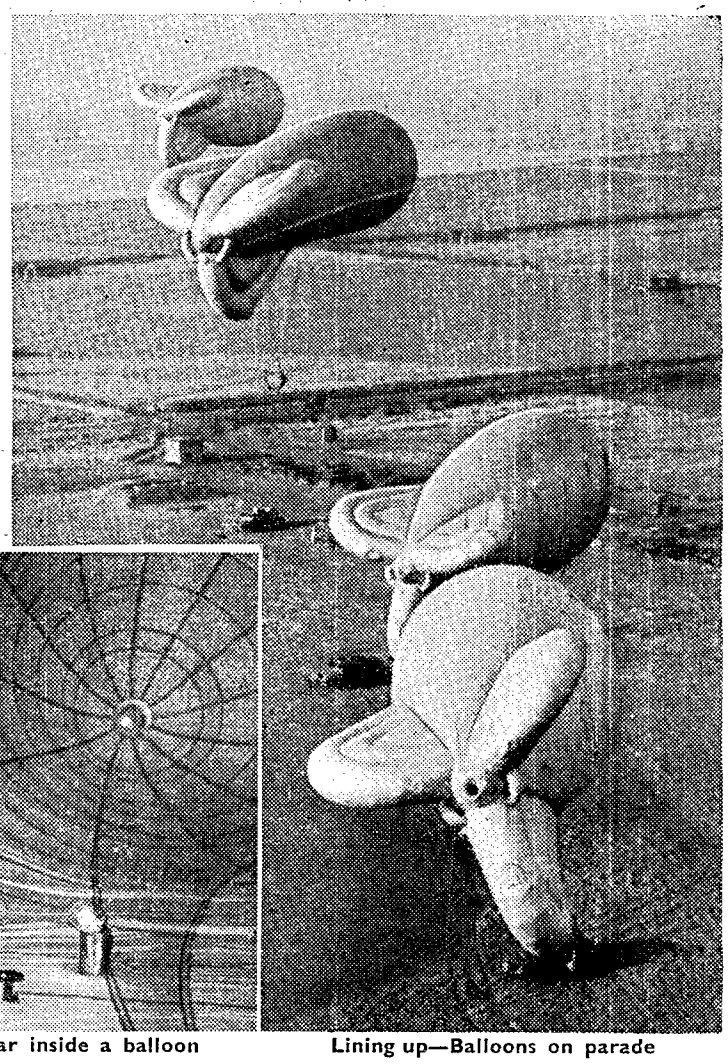


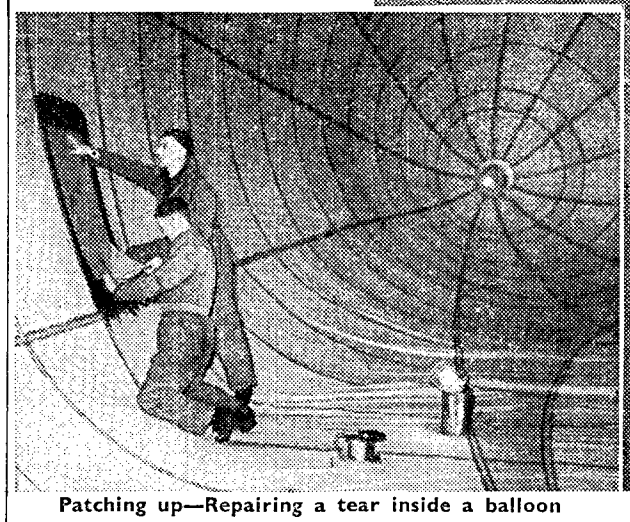
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Learning to Fly Balloons



Going up—Observers prepare for a trial ascent





Patching up—Repairing a tear inside a balloon

Lining up—Balloons on parade

Britain's only Balloon Unit is at Cardington in Bedfordshire, where R A F men are trained to operate the unwieldly monsters. Mainly employed for research work, the captive balloons are also used for parachute-jumping by the Territorial Army and nurses of the Women's Royal Air Force.

CRAVEN HILL, OUR LONDON ZOO CORRESPONDENT, TELLS OF . . .

Jo, the Merry Donkey, and Some New Arrivals

THE riding donkeys of the Children's Zoo at Regent's Park are well-trained animals—they have to be, since they have to carry even the smallest children. Some of them, however, are apt to fall sadly from grace during off-duty hours. A case in point is Josephine, one of the oldest animals. Every morning, when the dustbins are put out for collection. Jo (as the staff call her) quietly leaves her stable yard and makes a round of the bins, picking out therefrom any titbits left over from the previous day.

"Jo must have been watching the goats," says Miss Pat Proctor, the supervisor. "They often investigate the rubbish bins in search of scraps. They don't, however, give us half as much trouble as Jo, because they are more adroit. Jo, being a bigger animal, often tips the bins over, scattering the contents far and wide. Then we have to clean up again."

But the merry pranks of the "dustbin donk" (as I heard one young visitor call her!) are unlikely to persist much longer. If her raids continue, the staff will arrange for the dustbins to be stacked outside the enclosure, where Jo can't get at them.

MORE amusing, perhaps, than Jo, are two large common goats which have recently joined this section. Named Winston and Monty, these animals are a gift from a lady at Braintree in Essex, who, in a letter to the Superintendent, gave some interesting details of their history.

"I bought both when they were only a few weeks old, as pets for my children," she writes. "That was four years ago. Both were brought up 'on the bottle.' As they grew up they made excellent pets and would follow my children about all over the place, even going upstairs after them! Now, however, my children have outgrown the goats, who have also outgrown my home. I should, therefore, be very glad if they could end their days in your Children's Zoo."

The staff are now busy accustoming the newcomers to menagerie life. Early every morning Miss Proctor (to whom both animals quickly attached themselves) feeds the pair and takes them round the enclosure, "introducing" them to the animals with whom in future they will be living. The task is not difficult. "Winston and Monty are quite the best-behaved goats I ever saw," Miss Proctor told me.

ANOTHER interesting newcomer sent to the reptile house, and who may make his bow in the Children's Zoo, is a baby long-nosed crocodile who arrived the other day from West Africa. This little chap was caught by a native boy in a Gold Coast river, and on arrival at the Zoo was found to be so thin that at first his life was despaired of.

Now this infant crocodile is being specially fattened up. He has a tank of his own in the reptile-house laboratory, stoked up to a fairly high temperature to encourage appetite, and once a day he is given a tasty meal of minnows and frogs.

Miss Margaret Southwick, the laboratory assistant who is looking after this half-starved baby crocodile, is delighted with his progress. "Not only is he now fast putting on weight, but the individual attention I am giving him is making him very tame," she told me. "Each morning he greets my arrival with a curious little bark which is going to enchant young visitors when they hear it."

MOSQUITOES WITH LABELS

OF all the uses to which radio-active substances produced in the atomic pile are put perhaps the strangest is found in Nigeria. Here scientists have labelled mosquitoes on a diet containing the radio-active isotope of the metal strontium.

In this way they have discovered that the maximum life of an individual mosquito is a month at the most. By finding how far the labelled insects spread from the point of release, it is hoped to determine how far diseases such as yellow fever, which are carried by mosquitoes, are likely to be spread from a particular source of infection.

The River Gives Up Its Dead Leaves

GATHERING leaves from a river seems rather an unusual occupation; but it is taking place now, with the fall of the year, and it will go right on through the winter until the cuckoo begins to call.

It is from the River Tamar, which winds its way through a picturesque valley between Devon and Cornwall, that leaves are harvested. Long stretches of riverside are heavily wooded, and every autumn the river receives countless thousands of leaves which fall direct or are borne thither by the wind and flood-water sweeping through the woodlands.

The leaves amass in vast quantities at bends or points in the river, and for want of a better name the accumulation is called "point stuff." This almost black substance, mostly oak, is harvested for fertilising the good brown earth that yields the early flowers, fruit, and vegetables for which the Tamar Valley is famous.

Operations are carried out between the tides. Down the river on the ebbing tide come the great empty boats on their point-stuff errand. Arriving at a likely spot the sea-booted boatman probes the bed here and there with his long-handled, five-pronged fork for evidence of point stuff in plenty.

Then, having chosen a profitable site, he moors his craft and waits for the receding tide to uncover the bed. The boat is unplugged to allow for draining, and the loading with the fork begins. It is hard work, often amid wind, rain, and low temperature, and the loading must be completed before the tide returns.

The craft, with ten tons or so of point stuff aboard, returns on the flood tide. Its cargo is discharged at some convenient riverside quay, where it is collected by the grower who commissioned it and conveyed by lorry to the gardens.

The "harvesters" are usually salmon fishermen, who thus have a means of livelihood during the close season.

Horticulturists say that the dank, dark substance which the Tamar yields every year restores humus to the soil, acts as a general mulch, and keeps the ground moist.

Flower, vegetable, and fruit crops undoubtedly seem to thrive on it.

THE C N ASTRONOMER TELLS OF THE COMING . . .

Race Between Mars and Saturn

THE planets Mars and Saturn are now well in view in the morning sky. As they appear to be approaching each other, they will be of particular interest during the next few weeks.

It will be quite easy to perceive them up to about half an hour before sunrise—that will be until about 6 a m, when the dawn will obscure them. About 5 a m is the best time to look for them. They will be found somewhat to the right of due east, Saturn being at a considerable distance to the left of Mars and at a much lower altitude, as shown in the star-map.

The Red Planet

There is very little difference in their apparent brilliance, both being about first magnitude, but Mars has a slightly reddish hue. On the morning of October 17 the crescent Moon will appear a little way to the right of Mars, while by the morning of the 19th the then very slender lunar crescent will have travelled to a point near Saturn.

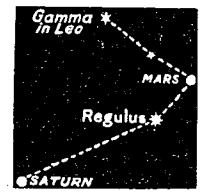
Between these two worlds is the bright first-magnitude star Regulus, which appears much nearer to Mars; but as Mars is speeding towards the left, he will appear very close to Regulus by the morning of October 25. This rapid progress of Mars will be very interesting to note from morning to morning, for eventually it will bring him apparently quite close to Saturn, though not until the end of November.

It is, in appearance, a kind of planetary race, because both Mars and Saturn are travelling in the same direction, from right to left as viewed from the Earth's present position. Mars is speeding at an average rate of about 900 miles a minute compared with Saturn's 350 miles a minute, so Mars will rapidly gain on Saturn.

Moreover, the Earth's position relative to the two will affect the "race," because we are so much nearer to Mars that it appears to travel even faster. Other circumstances, including perspective, also make a difference between apparent speed and actual speed.

At present Mars is about 175 million miles away from us, his distance being reduced to the average extent of some 100,000 miles each day; so he will appear to brighten considerably between now and the end of the year.

Saturn also is coming nearer, but of course at a slower pace; at present he is about 940 million miles distant. But Saturn will not appear to brighten much because his Ring System is closing up, as seen from our world. So this winter we shall not receive the large amount of light from all those countless moonlets, which adds so much to the amount of light radiated from the great sphere of Saturn.

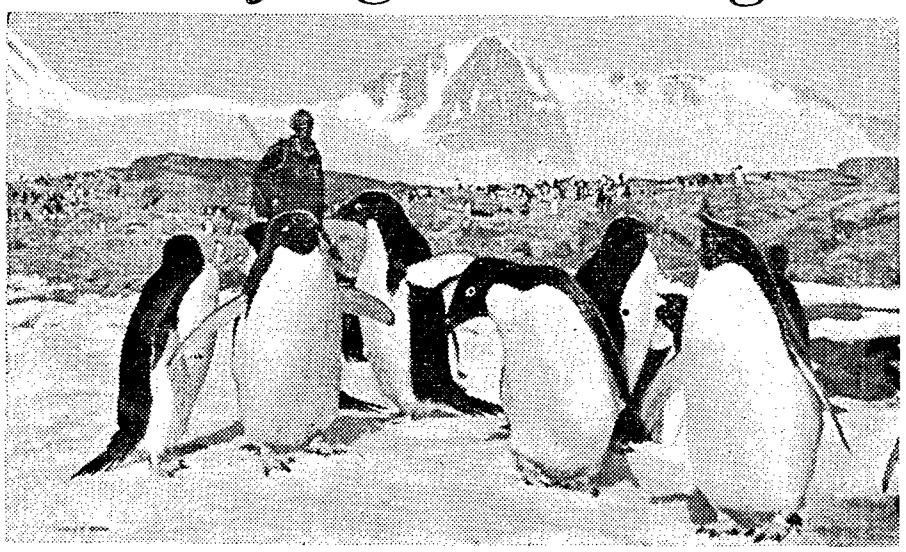


This sphere of Saturn, as now seen through a telescope, appears more than three times the width of Mars, but, being less brilliant than Mars, it appears of no greater magnitude when observed with the naked eye. The much greater distance which the Sun's light has to travel to Saturn, and then be reflected back to us, accounts for the difference.

This reflected sunlight takes at present about 17 minutes to reach us from Mars and about 82 minutes from Saturn. Thus, if anything happened on either world it would take this time before we should see it. G. F. M.

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Studying the Penguin in Its Native Haunts



Penguins near the British base in Graham Land



Difference of opinion between residents of Hope Bay

THE quaintest of the world's birds is undoubtedly the penguin. And it is also one of the most interesting, a fact well known to the men at the permanent bases in the Antarctic who are making the first scientific study of the penguin and its everyday life in its native haunts.

The knowledge they have gained since the first base was established in 1943 certainly whets the appetite for more.

FOR instance, they have learned that the penguin has a secret graveyard!

Ever since Captain Cook sailed Antarctic waters, men have asked why so few dead penguins are found in "rookeries" numbering perhaps 50,000 birds. Then Dr R. Murphy struck into the mountains from one of the noisy rookeries on South Georgia Island, and there found a lake around which stood several sickly-looking penguins —silent, drooping, dejected, peering into the depths of the ice-cold water.

"The air seemed oppressive with tragedy," he wrote. "I looked into the translucent water, and on the cold, blue bottom were thousands of dead penguins, flippers outstretched, white breasts gleaming—silent in the private resting-place of the Gentu penguins."

INVARIABLY on first meeting you (but only on the first meeting) the penguin bows a greeting. Thus, when an American party stepped from a helicopter on to the Ross Ice Shelf it was greeted by a pot-bellied delegation from the near-by Emperor Penguin rookery.

Bowing from the waist the reception committee sent two of its members forward to welcome the visitors. The Americans repaid this courtesy by forcing two of the penguins into the helicopter. The captives, wearing pained expressions, fought with every ounce of their ninety pounds, but they soon regained their good manners, and on the expedition's ship repeated before Admiral H. Cruzen the same bowing ritual with which they have greeted humans ever since Captain Ross first discovered the Ice Shelf.

THE Emperor Penguin lays only one egg, whereas the other thirteen species of penguin lay clutches of two in hollows among the seashore stones and snow; and these eggs are widely used in the Antarctic for omelettes. Penguin eggs imported before the war tasted of paraffin, but nevertheless thousands have been eaten at the six British Antarctic bases since the first was established in 1943.

This provision of eggs by the penguins flanking our bases is not a one-sided bargain, however. The birds' human neighbours repay this generosity with liberal helpings of food scraps. Two penguins that visited the base-hut at Heard Island were even rewarded with nine tins of bully beef each.

THE penguin is a born clown. Watch him taking a dip. With his companions he plays a game of last-man-in on the edge of the water, the first-man-in being the "stooge" in case a dreaded spotted seal should be lurking among the ice-floes. But once in the water he forgets all about the danger, and clowns in the manner of a circus seal.

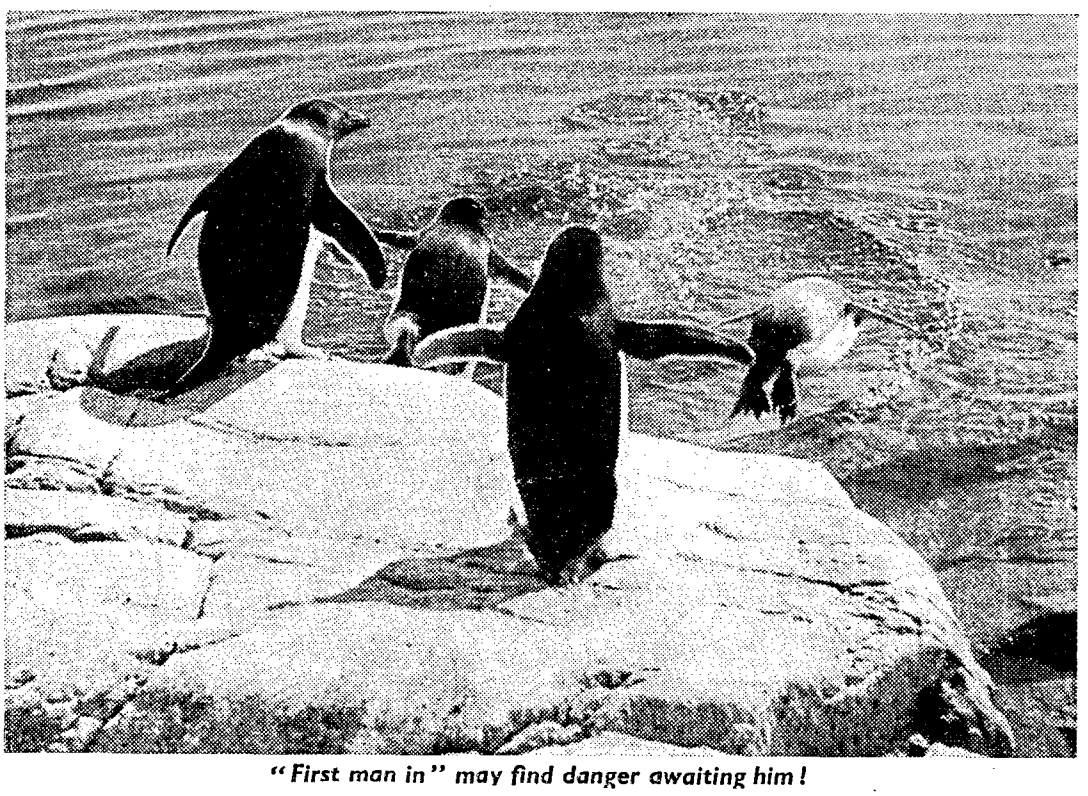
Even in his sorrow (when the skuas rob his nest) the penguin is a clown, jumping up and down until he overbalances and falls.

Penguins are good parents, the father bird and mother bird taking it in turn to guard the young and to secure food from the sea. On returning from fishing the adult birds pop from the water to the land in the manner of corks released from the bottom of a bath. Back at the nest, they open their beaks and the baby penguin secures its meal by inserting its head into the old bird's bill—a habit which makes it appear that the parent is devouring its young head first.

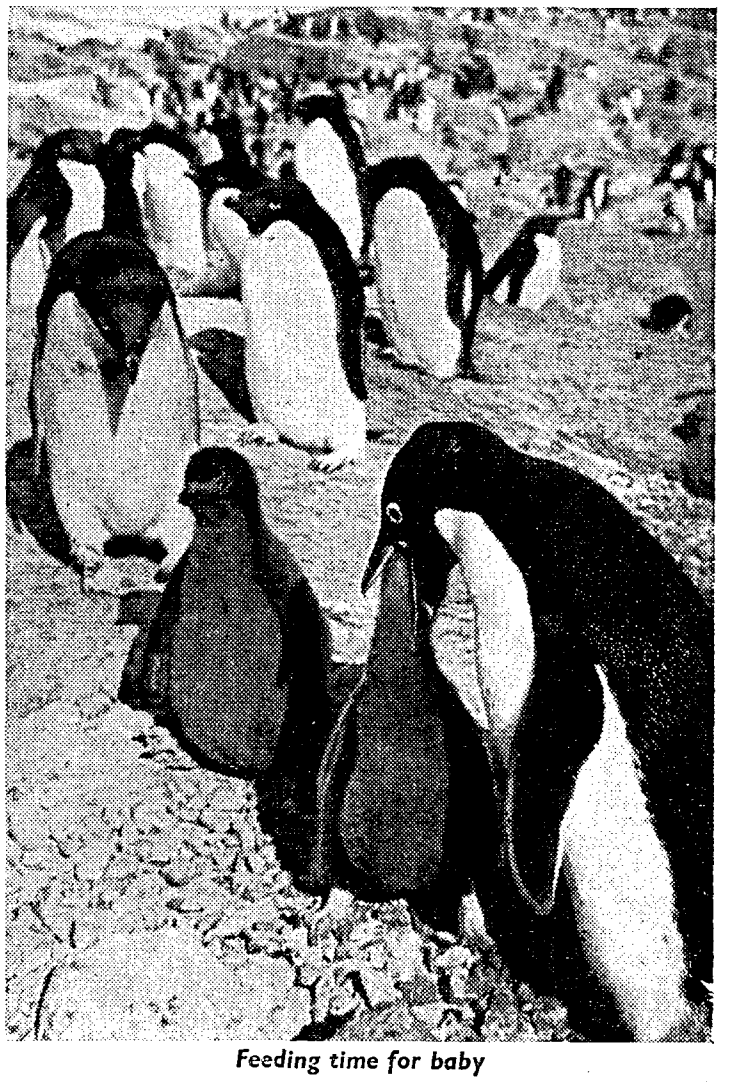
IN February the penguins waddle away in endless procession and dive into the sea on their winter migration. Where they go is not known for certain, but when the birds return in October (the Antarctic spring) many will be ringed in an effort to trace their movements.

WHAT knowledge we have gained in this field of ornithology has not been without cost. Last autumn this research claimed the life of one of the explorers at Admiralty Bay—Eric Platt, of Sowerby Bridge in Yorkshire.

The first Briton to die in the Antarctic since the Mawson Expedition of the early 'thirties, he perished on a sledging journey in search of a new penguin rookery, trying to learn more of the penguins' most carefully-guarded secrets.

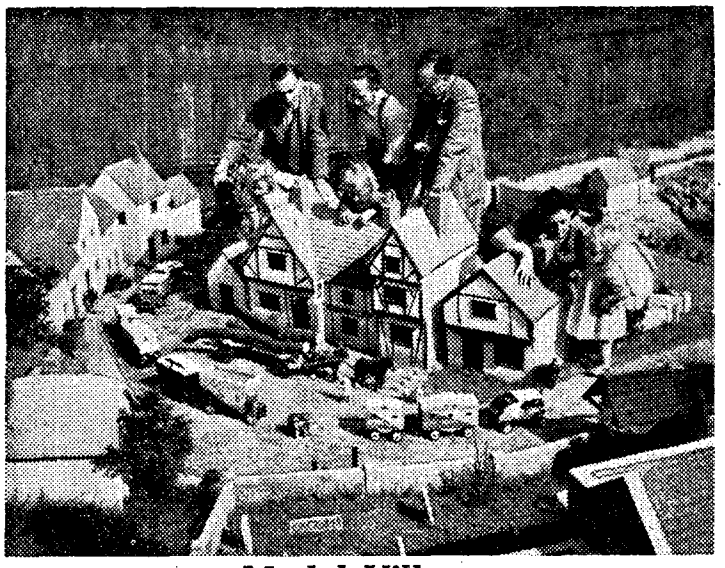


"First man in" may find danger awaiting him!



Feeding time for baby

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Model Village

This model village was built by Mr Raymond Palmer for his five-year-old daughter in the garden of his Southampton home, and the travelling circus was made by his friend Mr Wise.

Plenty More Fish in the Sea

SOME 98 per cent of the world's annual catch of fish is hauled up from waters north of the tropics. This was among the astonishing facts revealed recently by the Chief Fisheries Biologist of the U N Food and Agriculture Organisation, speaking at the Pan-Pacific Science Congress at Auckland, New Zealand.

He said that the fish supply in the world's largest ocean, the Pacific, is virtually untapped; and that one rookery of seals in the Bering Sea consumes four times as much fish a year as man catches during the same period in the whole of the Pacific.

An indication of the enormous food reserves of the ocean depths was provided when the riddle of the so-called false ocean bottom was solved. Marine scientists were long puzzled by the finding of occasional levels where the water should have been much deeper; but an enterprising Norwegian sent down a movie camera and found from the exposures that these levels were really schools of cod-fish!

Another expert—Lars Lind, writing in the Unesco Courier—says that modern fishery methods are applied only in a limited number of countries. But the F A O is acting as adviser in areas where primitive fishing methods and gear are still being used, and it is hoped that the recently-established Indo-Pacific Fisheries Council will help to alleviate Asia's acute food shortage.

Realisation that the seven seas constitute larders crammed with food has led nations which not long ago fought each other over fishing rights to work together to develop this important food supply for the common good.

JOHANNESBURG'S LITTLE 'QUAKES

MR W. S. FINSON, a scientist who works in the Union Observatory at Johannesburg, reports that the seismograph he has been watching since 1939 has registered 29,669 earth tremors in ten years. This works out at about eight shakes a day.

Life in the golden city, however, is not quite so alarming as the figures suggest, because the "earthquakes" Mr Finson has recorded are only mild affairs. They happen every time there is a big bang in one of the nearby gold mines. Most of the Rand mines are now working at six and eight thousand feet below surface, and the gold is hidden in such hard rock that it requires much dynamite to get it loose. So that when the engineers get going with their explosives there occurs a slight earth tremor which Mr Finson sees flashed on his seismograph, a very delicate instrument.

Some of these earth tremors on the Rand can be quite exciting events. Cups and saucers dance on the tables in suburban homes, and pictures have been known to come crashing to the floor.

Johannesburg without its earth tremors would be a much less lively place to live in. But the people there believe that the more shakes the merrier, because gold is the Union's biggest export and therefore the country's greatest dollar earner.

Their Chosen Career

THE most popular career for girls leaving school is journalism, according to officials of a careers advice bureau in London. Half the girls who applied to the bureau during the year wanted to be reporters, or to take up jobs on magazines or with publishing houses. Last year's favourite career with girls was air stewardess.

It also seems that whereas most young women know the career they want, young men are usually rather vague about their choice.

WATER FOR ANGLESEY

THE River Cefni, a mile above Llangefni in the Isle of Anglesey, has been dammed to make a reservoir of 160 acres.

The reservoir will have a capacity of 400 million gallons, an amount equal to 300 days' water for the entire island.

In time every town and village in Anglesey will be supplied from this reservoir, which has cost £1,250,000. It is expected that the reservoir will be filled for the first time this winter.

Roman Fort and Roman Cat

THE town of Neath in Glamorganshire has made good its claim to be on the site of the Roman fortress of Nidum. Excavations on a new housing estate just outside the town have revealed the remains of the Roman station.

Nidum was mentioned in a Roman guide-book called the Itinerary of the Provinces of Antoninus Augustus—generally referred to as the Antonine Itinerary—which is a list of routes in Roman Britain giving the names of places on them with the distances between them. But no trace of Roman remains had been found at Neath till recently, and nobody knew exactly where Nidum had stood.

The remains now unearthed show the plan of a Roman fortress gateway, with a double-arched passage and guard-towers on either side. A considerable amount of pottery, a few coins, and other finds to which a date can be given have led archaeologists to believe that this fortress was built between A D 75 and 80, perhaps when the Silures, the ancient inhabitants of these parts, were defeated by the Romans.

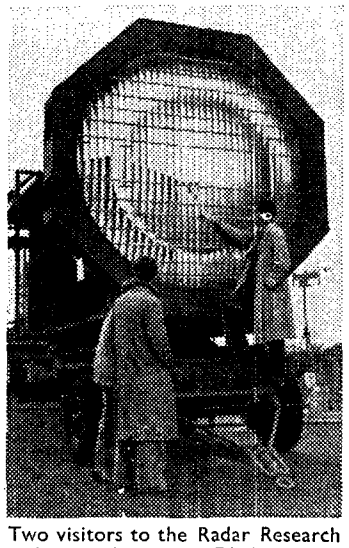
On the other side of Britain, at Lullingstone in Kent, a very different kind of Roman relic has turned up, no less than the skeleton of a cat which sat purring in front of a fire in a Roman villa over 1600 years ago. The skeleton is in excellent condition and is being re-assembled at London University's Institute of Archaeology.

EXCHANGE OF PAINTINGS

A COLLECTION of English paintings of the 18th and early 19th centuries, assembled by the British Council, has been sent for exhibition in Germany and Scandinavia. Germany is sending to this country the work of forty contemporary artists.

The exhibition of the British pictures, many of which have never been shown abroad before, will be shown in different places until April. The German collection of drawings, water-colours, lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts, will be shown at the Arts Council's gallery in St James's Square, London, during November, and will then go to other towns.

Radar Eye



Two visitors to the Radar Research and Development Establishment at Malvern, Worcestershire, study an experimental radar lens.

The Editor's Table

FORWARD IN UNITY

THE foundation stone of the Festival of Britain Concert Hall is due to be laid by the Premier on the south bank of the Thames, and before long the new building dedicated to music will rise on this long-neglected London site.

Its rise will be symbolic of all the spacious hopes which surround the Festival of Britain project; for between now and 1951, when the Festival opens, Britain must rise out of the entanglements of the present time and show that she is again strong and prosperous.

At the moment this country's economic life is undergoing deep and major changes. These changes are necessary in order that British trade can be increased tremendously and once again make us self-supporting. These changes are necessary to preserve the very standard of life of the people in these islands.

They amount in fact to a blood transfusion, and that operation cannot be accomplished without the conscious assistance of everyone in these islands. We must all work harder at whatever job we do; it is coats off and sleeves up. We must all serve our community better than before. This is the time for a forward march in every phase of our national life.

THE time is short, there can be no holding back. The very future of Britain depends still on the love and loyalty of her people.

Freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall.

John Milton's word is our watchword. His call echoes loudly over three hundred years and must find answer now if England is to prove true to herself.

It is because we are free men that we have been ready to bind upon ourselves the shackles of many privations and disabilities. They still encompass us, but we have to show ourselves able to triumph over them; our present handicaps must prove spurs to achievement.

IN this spirit the next two years may well be among the finest in our history. Let there be a call for effort, for *united* effort, from our leaders, and the people will not fail.

This Pleasant Month

THERE is no season when such pleasant and sunny spots may be lighted on, and produce so pleasant an effect on the feelings, as now in October.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

JUST AN IDEA

As Cervantes wrote, Keep good company and thou wilt become one of them.

THE REAL QUESTION

BRITAIN stands at the crisis of its destiny, according to the Bishop of Southwell (Dr F. R. Barry), writing in his Diocesan Letter for October.

"It is not merely a matter of pounds and dollars, or of industrial and strategic weight, or of slightly further to left or right," he writes. "It is whether this nation can take the part for which the best men everywhere are looking to it in the moral and social leadership of Europe.

"That cannot be decided by politics. It depends on the kind of people we are, the things we live for, and the faith we live by. So the real question is . . .

"Shall we rule our national life by Christian principles or shall we repudiate the law of God till we drift by way of class war to anarchy and thence to the final alternative—dictatorship?

"The Battle of Britain is not finished yet. In the soul it is only now beginning; and in every thought, every choice and act, we are all, day by day, taking sides in it."

Giving and Getting

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS has recently spoken of the urgent need for unselfishness in these difficult times.

"It is time," he said, "for us finally to renounce and to denounce that easy-going, get-rich-quick attitude to life that in all levels of society has found its post-war devotees, and which prides itself on the smallness of its own effort and the largeness of its personal gain."

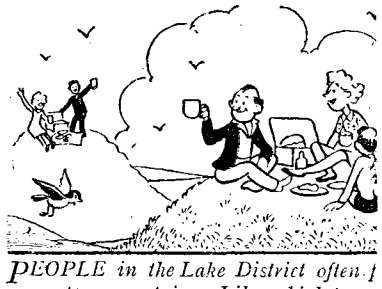
"I am still," he went on, "and shall remain, a persistent believer in the good of humanity; and all that happened during the wars, and has happened since, has only proved once again that it is not bribery but affection—affection for the family and for our people—that constrains us to forgo our immediate personal interests for the greater good of the community."

Under the E

A NORFOLK Women's Institute held a whistling competition. Hope they had something to whistle about.

BRITISH music is on a pinnacle, says Lord Jowitt. Some people wish it could be brought down to their level.

AN apple is ready to gather when it parts easily from the tree. But there may not be anybody ready to gather it.



PEOPLE in the Lake District often up a mountain. Like a high tea.

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THINGS SAID

THE standard of living in Britain, and possibly the nation's existence, depend upon the highest possible efficiency in industry.

Sir Thomas Bennett

IN the war which is going on today, the war for men's minds, Unesco must assert itself as a major power. Neither poverty, nor hunger, nor disease by itself would suffice to drive men to war if their souls had not already been corrupted.

Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan

TO be able to supply the book that is wanted in a hospital is like bringing an old or new friend to the bedside of a patient.

Lady Lenanton

OLD-FASHIONED methods and old customs must be swept away where they hinder. Workers and managements are not just working for their own livings, but for the economic survival of the country.

The Prime Minister

—++—

UNESCO'S PURPOSE

IN making a challenging appeal recently for more support for Unesco, Dr Torres Bodet, the Director-General, spoke some illuminating words on the functions of this organisation.

"I have deep faith in Unesco and that is why I will not have it regarded as a collection of symbols and a laboratory of illusions. We are not merchants of day-dreams. Unesco is, first and foremost, fifty governments. Equality among men will be an illusion as long as the masses are totally ignorant of the movement of ideas, or as long as some countries have not the resources to build laboratories and libraries required for the teaching of science.

"There is here," he concluded, "a living presence—Twentieth Century Man, for whom we must open the path of intellectual and moral solidarity, which our Constitution proclaims as the essential foundation of world peace."

Salute to Columbus

ITALIAN children have good cause to remember Christopher Columbus this week; for on October 12 Columbus Day is celebrated throughout Italy as a school holiday, while civic festivities take place in towns and villages all over the country. October 12 is a legal holiday, too, in most of the 48 States of U S A.

It was on October 12, 1492, that Columbus landed on an island in the Bahamas, and, because he thought he had reached the Indies by the western route, he called the delightful tropical islands he had discovered the West Indies.

Though he claimed the new territory in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, he himself was a native of the flourishing seaport of Genoa. In that city stands today the best-known statue of Columbus which shows him, as is only right, gazing, fearless, towards the West. Around this monument, over 450 years since he made his great discovery, Italy's chief ceremonies will be held.

Columbus need not be the occasion of pride for our Italian friends only. His courage, his tenacity of purpose, and his ceaseless struggle for a theory which he knew to be right can be an inspiration to us all.

—++—

PIONEERS STILL

WHEN recently the Hudson's Bay Company advertised for young men to work as trappers in Arctic Canada, a Glasgow newspaper published an article describing the life of the trapper and stressing the dangers.

Nevertheless, the Hudson's Bay Company was inundated with applications from men of all ages, asking for further particulars about the work of a trapper. There was even one from a young woman wanting to "Go North."

Now the same newspaper is receiving requests for information from Glasgow miners who, having read an article on Spitsbergen, want to sail through the ice-floes to the most northerly coal mines in the world, where temperatures drop to 30 degrees "below."

Truly, the traditional pioneering spirit of the people in these islands is still very much alive.

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Roses For Remembrance

FOR the past three years the boys of University College School at Hampstead, London, have been giving their time in the Easter and summer holidays to creating a garden of roses at their school as a memorial to the boys and masters who lost their lives in the war. A large stone among the roses records the names of the fallen.

In place of what was once a rubbish dump and during the war was used for growing vegetables, the boys have made a garden of beauty and remembrance for many future generations. It is a lovely idea.

ilitor's Table

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If removal men have to shift for themselves



A COAL-MINER says he enjoys his job. Likes to get down to it.

⊡

A MAN says he can play any instrument under the sun. Puts other players in the shade.

⊡

THE nations should sit down together and face the common peril. Why not stand up to it?

⊡

A HOUSE at Eastbourne is to have its garden raised fifteen feet to avoid flooding. The owner hopes his seeds will come up.

⊡

AN American has come over here to study our health. Likes us well.

icnic

Coral-Encrusted Treasure

LAST week the C N told of an island treasure hunt. Now comes news of the actual discovery of buried treasure—buried at sea.

An American business man, Mr Arthur McKee, was amusing himself by taking underwater photographs about three miles off the Florida coast, when he was astonished to see, lying on the sand in only 60 feet of water, the unmistakable outlines of an old galleon. It was partly covered in coral which had grown over it, but he could see its guns.

Mr McKee has, not unnaturally, been somewhat secretive about the location of the sunken galleon, which he found was laden with a hoard of silver. From the ship he has recovered ingots of silver weighing up to 80 lbs and one of these has been bought by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, whose experts say that it is over 200 years old.

Making Friends



Bill the sea-lion is not backward at coming forward when two young visitors to the London Zoo offer him a nice tasty fish as a friendly gift.

THE DOG ON THE PHONE

WHEN Mrs Blackburn of Leeds hears her telephone bell she does not rush to answer it and leave her cakes to burn in the oven. She relies for help on Bryan, her son's ten-year-old crossbred sheepdog.

On hearing the phone ring Bryan jumps on a couch, lifts the receiver with his mouth, and places it on a cushion. Then with his paws he turns the instrument, listens to the voice at the other end, barks into the mouthpiece, and waits for Mrs Blackburn.

If the voice is that of his master, Mr John D. Blackburn, Bryan barks excitedly, for it was hearing his master saying through the telephone "Come for a walk," that Bryan became interested in telephone talks.

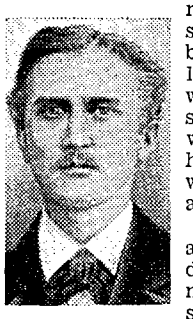
Our Own Concerts

A SPECIAL Christmas concert is to be a feature of this season of the Ernest Read Orchestral Concerts for Children at the Central Hall, Westminster. At this Christmastide Concert, on December 3, a choir of 150 girls and boys will sing, but there will also be hymns and carols for the entire audience to sing.

Information about the Ernest Read Concerts and about the London Junior and Senior Orchestras can be had from the Organising Secretary, 151 King Henry's Road, London, N W 3.

MACKAY OF UGANDA

A HUNDRED years ago, on October 13, 1849, Alexander Mackay was born in the Scottish manse of Rhynie in Aberdeenshire, where his father was minister. As he grew up, young Alexander loved to make things, and was more interested in machines than books; but when he was in his teens he read Livingstone's Missionary Travels, and this stirred in him an interest in Africa which was to dominate his life.



In 1875, when he was a trained engineer, Alexander Mackay, saw an appeal of the Church Missionary Society for a man to manage a settlement for freed slaves near Mombassa. A practical man was needed, so here was Mackay's chance, and in April 1876 he sailed for Africa. His first job, however, was not quietly to look after a settlement, but to make a road through Uganda to Victoria Nyanza so that missionaries might settle in the interior of Uganda.

Organising a gang of forty men, Mackay led the way through the undergrowth and cleared a path wide enough for a bullock wagon, his practical mind plotting the course of the road to the shores of the great lake.

Mackay's achievement won fame for him, and this spread far and wide when he discovered water on a hillside near the mission station on Victoria Nyanza in 1881. His engineer's training told him that underneath the subsoil of old sandy clay there should be water, and he calculated that by sinking a well sixteen feet he would strike it. No African water-diviner believed him, and the people watched the digging with amusement.

A hole eight feet deep and four feet square was dug, and over it Mackay made a framework of strong trees to hold a pulley and bucket. The clay came up in the bucket until, at almost exactly sixteen feet, water was reached. A battered pump was brought into action, and the water flowed over the top of the well.

In 1889 H. M. Stanley visited Alexander Mackay at his mission station, and he afterwards called him the best missionary since Livingstone. A year later Mackay was dead.

Engineer, road-maker, explorer, boat-builder, and fighter against the slave trade, Mackay of Uganda is another of those brave souls whose memory remains evergreen.

To the Royal Scots

A MONUMENT to the Royal Scots is to be erected in West Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh.

Designed by Sir Frank Mears, the monument will consist of a paved terrace approached by steps, and behind this there will be various pillars with carvings of symbolic figures in uniform showing the dress and equipment of the regiment throughout the years.

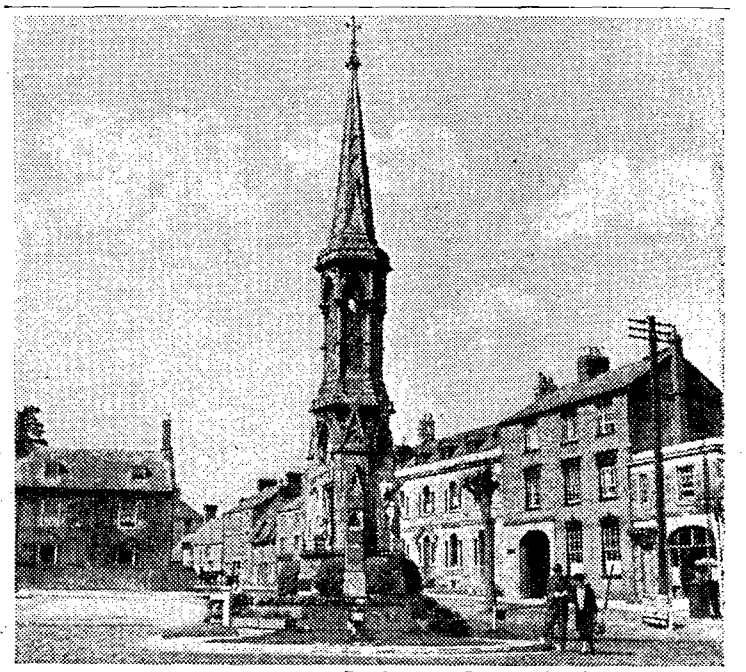
The big, main pier will have the battle honours and the crest of the regiment, and a bronze screen between the piers will bear a quotation from the Declaration of Arbroath, as well as medallions depicting kings and queens from the time of the founding of the regiment during the reign of King Charles I.

COURT OF APPEAL

CANADA proposes an important change in her relations with the Motherland.

Hitherto the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, sitting in London, has been the final court of appeal, its powers overriding those of the Canadian Courts, whose decisions it could set aside. Canada now proposes that the decision of her own highest Courts on actions tried before them shall be final, and that the right to appeal to the Privy Council shall be abolished.

Grateful Canadian tributes have been paid to the Privy Council Judicial Committee for the magnificent judicial service it has hitherto rendered Canada in the cause of justice—praise that is echoed throughout the Commonwealth.



THIS ENGLAND — Banbury Cross in Oxfordshire, successor to the one famed in rhyme

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Mr Gladstone's Library

For ten shillings a day, which includes meals and accommodation, students may live and work and browse among Mr Gladstone's books at Hawarden.

Mr Gladstone gathered together over 30,000 books, but he wanted to share them with other book-lovers, and that was how St Deiniol's Library at Hawarden grew up.

Since 1902 there has been a fine, spacious building to house the library, and some 40,000 books have been added through funds which Mr Gladstone left for the purpose. There is room for 28 students to share in the quiet life of St Deiniol's.

Young scholars from the Dominions and from America like to come and read in the little alcoves among the books; but St Deiniol's would like to see more young students from the northern universities using the library and sharing in the quiet discussions at mealtimes.

Test Matches in India

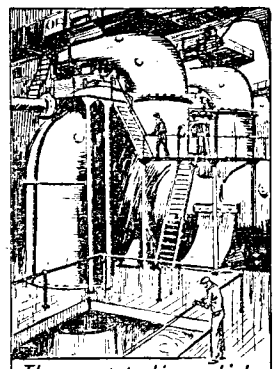
When the MCC decided to cancel their 1949-50 tour to India, on account of the strain on the players of the unbroken programme of home and away cricket since the war, the Australian wicket-keeper, Jock Livingston, who plays for Royton in the Lancashire League, negotiated a tour of India for an "Empire XI."

This Empire team will shortly be on its way for a tour of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, under the managership of George Duckworth, the famous Lancashire and England wicket-keeper.

It will include several well-known Australians who have been playing in Lancashire League cricket; Worrell and Weekes, West Indies batsmen; and some prominent English players.

Four five-day Test matches have been arranged—at Delhi, Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta.

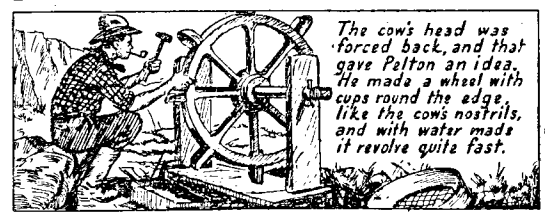
Pioneers & 13. LESTER PELTON, father of the turbine



The great turbines which harness the water of many of the world's rivers to generate electric power came from a chance discovery.



About 1860 Lester Pelton, a gold miner in Nevada, was using a hose and drove off an intruding cow with the jet of water, by chance striking its nostrils.



The cow's head was forced back, and that gave Pelton an idea. He made a wheel with cups round the edge, like the cow's nostrils, and with water made it revolve quite fast.



Pelton took it to San Francisco and there business men took it up as a cheap means of power. The Pelton Wheel became world famous, and in time developed into the turbine.

Nature's Gift to Iceland's Capital—Hot Water on Tap

Among the lava formations near Reykjavik, capital of Iceland, engineers are drilling to a depth of 1200 feet for natural hot water with which to supply the city's new suburbs.

Iceland's hot-water street-mains are unique. Engineers from many lands have inspected the installations with a view to introducing similar systems elsewhere; but Reykjavik remains the only town with hot-water mains running along its streets.

The hot water comes from volcanic springs eight miles from the city. Winter temperatures in Iceland are often below zero, but even in the coldest weather every building is warm with central heating provided by the Reykjavik *Hot* Water Board.

The Reykjavik system was conceived in 1928, when the City Fathers suggested that nearby volcanic springs and the city's individual central-heating systems should be linked. The result was an experimental pipeline and a mains-system sufficient to supply hot water to the Reykjavik Hospital, a school, swimming baths, and 70 houses. This installation proved a success, and in 1934 it was extended. Today, Reykjavik Hot Water Board serves 3000 homes, several hundred business premises, municipal buildings, acres of greenhouses, and Iceland's Parliament. Now the mains are being extended to new building estates.

The biggest problem for the engineers was how to keep the hot water *hot* on its eight-mile journey from the springs to the sinks and baths of Reykjavik.

Eventually they discovered that the ideal insulating material lay all around them by the million ton. It was lava "slag," a porous, stone-like volcanic material resembling pumice.

Laying the springs-to-city main in a bed of concrete, they packed it in lava "slag." The smaller pipes running through the streets of the capital were insulated with brown paper and asbestos.

Still not satisfied that the water would be hot after its eight-mile journey, the engineers built on the hill above Reykjavik five great hot-water reservoirs which they lagged with layers of concrete, asbestos, and asphalt. Near the springs they built a powerful pumping station, its job being to hurry the water along the mains and thus reduce the chance of it losing heat.

It was an anxious moment when all was ready for the water to be turned on.

Would the water still be hot when it reached the taps? Or had £1,000,000 been wasted?

But all was well. The water that ran from the taps had to be cooled before it could be used, for its temperature was only ten degrees below boiling!

Reykjavik's hot water system provides boiling water at ten per cent less cost than could coal, gas, or electricity.

But Iceland has other ideas for tapping her heat resources.

Not far from the lava rocks where engineers are sinking new hot-water wells, other engineers are boring into the volcanic mountains in search of *steam*—steam to operate a new power-station for the provision of electricity for the whole of Iceland. Thus Reykjavik is likely to get heat, light, and power from the bowels of the earth.

TWO STOREYS IN ONE

A motor-coach with a central fore-and-aft gangway from which passengers either step down into four-seat compartments or up into identical compartments has just been demonstrated in London. It has the advantage of being able to operate on routes forbidden to double deckers, and yet to carry 46 or 50 passengers compared with the usual single-decker's 34.

Airborne to the Farm

A flying-boat has been helping in an ambitious project to grow tung trees on an almost uninhabited plateau in a wild region of Africa west of Lake Nyasa.

Tung trees produce oil which is a useful alternative to linseed oil in the manufacture of paints; and the Vipya plateau, 6000 feet high and with a cool climate and a fine soil, is well suited to growing them. But the first problem facing the Colonial Development Corporation was to get food to workers on the plantations, for the plateau is a considerable distance from roads and railways.

It was decided to cultivate land on the spot to provide food for the plantation workers, and so agricultural equipment was flown from Lindi, on the coast of Tanganyika.

In about ten hours' flying, a flying-boat of B O A C carried 112 tons of farming machinery to lonely N'Kata Bay, on the west side of Lake Nyasa.

Which Came First? Competition Result

In No 15 of the C N weekly competitions the First Prize of an all-mains RADIO SET has been awarded to:

Michael Peters,
Cartref, Bodgriggy Street,
Hayle, Cornwall,

whose entry was correct and the best-written according to age.

The Ten-Shilling Notes have been awarded to: D. Barwell, Stoke-on-Trent; M. Bastable, Wallington; M. Crawford, Alloa; E. Copley, Sheffield, 7; E. Cropper, Beckenham; J. Jones, Newbridge-on-Wye; J. Macklin, Tillicoultry; V. Mander, Birmingham, 16; D. Richardson, Walsall; J. Weir, Coleraine.

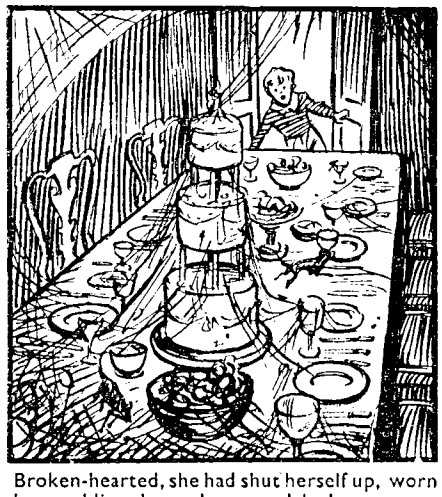
SOLUTION: Cleopatra's Needle, Caxton's Press, Puffing Billy, Camera, Ironclad, Motor Car, Talking Machine, Biplane, Television, Frogman.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—A New Picture-Version of the Famous Novel by Charles Dickens

Pip, an orphan brought up by his grown-up sister, the wife of a village blacksmith, has been sent to his first job; and a mystifying job it is. All he has been told is that old Miss Havisham, who lives shut away from the world in a dark, grim house, "wanted a boy to come and play" here. He was admitted to the house by a pretty but proud little girl of his own age who treated him contemptuously—presumably because he was only a blacksmith's stepson. Now she has told him to enter Miss Havisham's room.



Inside the candle-lit room sat the strangest lady Pip had ever seen. She was old, but dressed in white like a bride going to her wedding. Looking closer, he saw that the dress was faded and yellow. She looked like a ghastly wax-work figure. Afterwards he learned that many years ago Miss Havisham had been jilted on her wedding day, the man who was to have been her husband running off with some of her money.



Broken-hearted, she had shut herself up, worn her wedding dress always, and had never seen the light of day since. Pip was to see in another closely-shuttered room the wedding cake, glasses, and plates of the wedding feast that was never held. Now it was all covered heavily with cobwebs, big spiders ran about over it, the cake was nibbled by mice, and black beetles crawled about the floor and hearth.



Now, Miss Havisham told Pip that she was done with men and women, but had a fancy to see some play. She told him to call the little girl who had led him up. This was Estella, her adopted daughter. "Play cards with this boy," she said. "Why, he is just a common labouring boy!" Estella objected. Pip thought he heard Miss Havisham reply, "Well? You can break his heart." Disdainfully, Estella sat down.



After two games Miss Havisham said that Pip was to come again in six days' time, and she told Estella to take him down and give him some food. At the side entrance Estella said, "Wait, boy," and returned shortly with a plate of bread and meat which she gave him as if he were a dog in disgrace. Poor Pip felt humiliated and spurned, and when she had gone he stood there and cried bitterly.

How will Pip fare with queer Miss Havisham and proud Estella? See next week's instalment

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Bill and Jill, the C N twins, hear ghostly . . .

Footsteps in the Dark

Told by Frank S. Pepper



"HAVE I ever seen the ghost of the White Lady? Why, no! Nor has anyone else actually living in the house, so far as I know. You can talk to plenty of people in the village who will tell you stories of other people who are supposed to have seen it, but you'll not find anyone who can give you a first-hand account. It's just a picturesque old legend. Houses as old as this one nearly always have ghostly legends."

Bill Watson strained his ears to try to hear what was being said in the next room.

It was thrilling to think that he was staying in a romantic, historic old house which was supposed to have its own ghost.

The house had belonged to the Alberry family for generations. It was the present Mr Alberry who could be heard in the next room now, talking to Bill's twin sister Jill and to Uncle Dick.

Bill suddenly looked at the clock.

"Gosh! If I don't get on with this letter to Mother I'll never get it finished," he muttered.

BILL picked up his pen and tried to continue with his letter, but he found it hard to concentrate. His imagination was fired with thoughts of the mysterious White Lady. He wondered whether, if he peeped out through the curtained window, he would see a ghostly figure gliding silently along the sombre, tree-lined road to the village.

Again he tried to give all his attention to his unfinished letter. Then a thump behind him made him jump almost out of his chair. He spun round. The door of the room was opening. At first Bill thought that it must have been opened by an invisible hand.

Then a small figure in pyjamas came into the room, backwards. It was young Norman, Mr Alberry's four-year-old son. He was pulling hard at a long string, the end of which was out of sight.

"Gosh! What are you doing here?" exclaimed Bill. "You should have been in bed and asleep hours ago."

"I wanted to show you my horse!" grinned Norman, heaving on the string.

Bill sighed patiently.

"Tomorrow morning, there's a good chap," he begged. "I simply must get this letter written."

BUT Norman had a mind of his own, and was not to be put off. He heaved and tugged at the string, as if there was something heavy on the other end.

"He's very big and strong—my horse," explained Norman, dragging foot after foot of string through the door.

Bill sat still and stared, wondering whether he was going to see a full-sized horse, or at least a pony, enter the room.

"What will your mother say?" he gasped.

The last of the string came through the door. On the end of it was a wooden horse on wheels. It was so small it could have gone into a matchbox.

Norman, who had played the same trick often before, sat down on the floor and whooped with joy at Bill's expression.

The laughter brought Mrs Alberry from the next room.

"Norman, what are you doing out of bed?" she cried. "Oh dear, that silly horse again! Your father started a fine thing when he taught you that trick!"

She picked up Norman, and smiled apologetically at Bill.

"I do hope he hasn't disturbed you. Hurry up with your letter," she said as she closed the door.

BILL sighed and picked up his pen again. His thoughts were in a whirl. Ghosts! White Ladies! Thumps that made him jump. Horses on wheels. People rushing in and out. How could he possibly concentrate?

He managed to write a few more lines. Then the door opened again. It was Jill.

"Haven't you finished that letter yet? Why, what have you been doing all this time? You've hardly written anything. Do hurry! We want to play some guessing games before bedtime."

Bill groaned under his breath, and promised to be as quick as he could.

He finished the letter at last and went to join the others. Mr Alberry glanced at the stamped envelope in Bill's hand.

"I say, old man, if you want that to go off first thing you should really pop down to the village and post it tonight," he warned. "They clear the box frightfully early in the morning."

BILL had a sudden spasm of uneasiness at the thought of the walk down the lane to the village. It wasn't that he was scared of the dark. Normally, he enjoyed a country walk at night. But he couldn't help thinking of what he had overheard about the ghost.

The look wasn't lost on Uncle Dick.

"Don't worry. I'll go along with it later," he offered.

Bill gulped uneasily. He was torn between a desire to accept the invitation and a reluctance to show that he wasn't keen on going out in the dark. Jill came to his rescue.

"Couldn't Bill and I go?" she asked. "I'd love a walk."

Uncle Dick smilingly agreed.

"Thanks!" whispered Bill when they were outside the room. "I'll just dash up and get my scarf.

Continued on page 10

The Great C N Competition for Girls and Boys—

£750 School Quiz

Win for Your School as well as Yourself—

1520 Prizes MUST be Won

THE announcement of the C N's second great school contest of 1949 has aroused nation-wide interest, and schoolgirls and schoolboys all over the country are eager to take part in this very attractive new contest. If *you* would like to join in . . . and win for your school as well as yourself . . . *read on.*

The Quiz takes the form of a novel and very interesting Knowledge and Intelligence Test. It is open to all full-time pupils at schools and colleges in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands who are under 17 years of age; and the prizes total over £750 in value.

To make the competition equal in opportunity for all, it is divided into *two age groups*, each with its own separate test—each test consisting of fifteen interesting and instructive "question-pictures" to be answered by the pupils entered. Each group has special double prizes for schools and pupils, so that all the principal winning entries will gain money prizes for the pupils themselves and substantial cash grants for their schools. These are the prizes:

Group 1 For all Pupils under 12			Group 2 Pupils of 12 to under 17		
1st PRIZES :	To the School ..	£25	1st PRIZES :	To the School ..	£25
	Prize-winning Pupil	£5		Prize-winning Pupil	£5
2nd PRIZES :	To the School ..	£20	2nd PRIZES :	To the School ..	£20
	To the Pupil	£4		To the Pupil	£4
3rd PRIZES :	To the School ..	£15	3rd PRIZES :	To the School ..	£15
	To the Pupil	£3		To the Pupil	£3
4th PRIZES :	To the School ..	£10	4th PRIZES :	To the School ..	£10
	To the Pupil	£2		To the Pupil	£2
5th PRIZES :	To the School ..	£5	5th PRIZES :	To the School ..	£5
	To the Pupil	£2		To the Pupil	£2

One Thousand Five Hundred Consolation Prizes

divided in proportion to the entries in each group, will also be awarded. These prizes will consist of:

50 Ensign Cameras — **50 Wrist Watches** — **100 Games Compendiums**
50 Meccano Sets — **50 Drawing Sets** — **100 Fountain Pens**
50 Hockey Sticks — **50 Footballs and Netballs** — **1000 Book Tokens**

PLEASE NOTE that this competition may be entered only through schools—the Entry Forms to be used cannot be sent to individual pupils.

If *you* wish to win for yourself and for your school, therefore, show this announcement to your Teacher and (unless the school has already applied) ask him or her kindly to complete the coupon here and send it in.

All entries in the C N School Quiz must be made on the special Entry Forms, and requests for them should give full name and address of the school. The forms will be sent to be handed out at school!

As soon as the application is received by C N, the Entry Form or Forms will be sent off—*Blue Forms* for Group 1 and *Black* for Group 2. Tests may be done in school or as homework. There is *no* entry fee, but when returned to us, every completed form is to have affixed to it a token from C N. This week's token is at the foot of the back page of this issue.

The Closing Date for entries is Thursday, December 1. The prizes will be awarded in order of merit for the entries which are correct or most nearly so, handwriting and neatness being taken into account in the case of ties. Each pupil's entry will be judged as his or her own individual effort, but must be submitted as part of the school's total entry. Full rules will be furnished with the Entry Forms.

A NOTE TO TEACHERS. The forms for this competition are being issued only through schools. Teachers are asked if they will kindly assess the requirements for their classes or schools, and fill in on the coupon below the total of entrants they expect to have for each group, together with the other particulars asked. A supply of Entry Forms and the competition rules will then be sent *post free.* Form applications should be sent without delay, the last date for requests being November 1.

(N B—*1d stamp only is required if the envelope is left unsealed.*)

To the Editor, CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER,
5 Carmelite Street, London, E C 4 (Comp).

Please send me (post free) the undermentioned supplies of the C N School Quiz Entry Forms for my pupils:

GROUP 1 No of forms required [] **GROUP 2** No of forms required []

PRINCIPAL/CLASS MASTER or MISTRESS

School

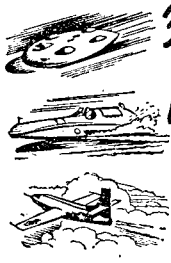
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Please ask your teacher to fill in and send this coupon to C N 2

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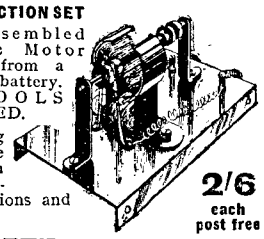
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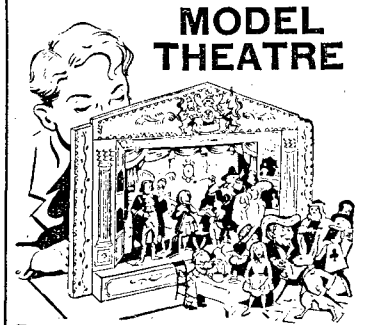
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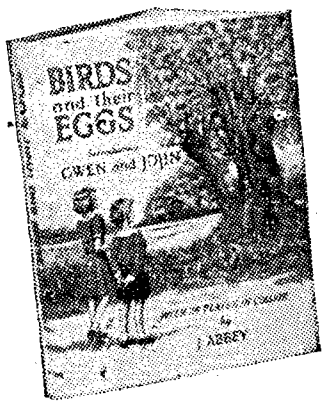
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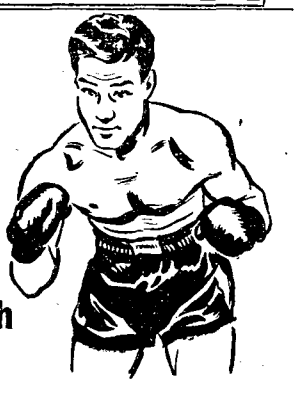
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(PH.551A)

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK

Continued from page 9

Don't bother to turn the light on—I can find the way."

Bill, hurrying back down the darkened stairs to where Jill was waiting, suddenly slipped and finished the last part of the flight in a noisy rush.

"Clumsy!" exclaimed Jill. "It's that loose rubber heel on your shoe. I told you that you'd come to grief if you didn't fix it. Better pull it off."

"That'd be too uncomfortable," argued Bill. "Come on!"

THE night was very still.

The winding lane was silvery in the bright moonlight except where the stark, bare trees threw bars of jet-black shadow. The footsteps of the twins echoed crisply as they walked briskly towards the village.

Jill was silent for a while. Then suddenly she asked: "Do you really think there is a White Lady?"

"A ghost, you mean? Of course not!" Bill retorted boldly.

"I'm glad," Jill answered softly.

"Why—glad?" asked Bill, puzzled.

"Because—because I think there is someone following us," Jill said uneasily.

"Don't be silly! There isn't a soul within a mile of us," insisted Bill.

"Perhaps. But—can't you hear anything?"

Bill pricked up his ears. Then he realised that his twin was right. There was a most peculiar noise behind them—a kind of slurring, dragging sound. And the most uncomfortable thing about it was that it seemed to stay exactly the same distance behind them.

It was a noise that rose and fell, keeping pace with their footsteps.

"You mean that rustling noise?" asked Bill. "The wind, of course."

"There isn't any wind," Jill pointed out.

BILL was determined not to show that he was beginning to feel scared. He wasn't going to upset his sister, especially after she had been decent enough to come along to keep him company. Just the same, he quickened his pace a little.

And the phantom rustling increased its speed, too, in time with his faster footsteps.

Bill stopped dead.

The noise stopped at the same time. Bill clenched his teeth.

"I'm going to look," he declared grimly.

He turned and gazed back over his shoulder, wondering what he would see. But there was absolutely nothing. The lane behind them was empty.

They started off again, and at once the stealthy noise started up again, following behind them.

"Let's run!" cried Jill.

They both began to run. Then Bill let out a shout.

"Something has got hold of my leg!"

He pulled up at once, not daring to move.

"Wait a minute!" he whispered. "I've got some matches in my pocket. I'll strike one!"

AS the flame blazed up Bill stared. The end of a piece of string was wedged under the loose rubber heel on his shoe. In running the string had become tangled round Bill's ankle and fastened to the other end of it was——

"Norman's horse!" cried both the twins together.

More of Bill and Jill next week

BEDTIME CORNER

William the Worm

WILLIAM was born in a garden rubbish heap, and there he lived happily for a while with the rest of his family. But one damp night he decided to go and make a home of his own.

"Now remember," said his parents, "to keep your tail anchored in the front door when you go poking about above ground. If you don't you'll never find your way back home. And it isn't safe for worms to be out alone in daylight."

"I'll remember," said William. And off he went, crawling over the gravel path till he reached the dewy lawn.

"This is a fine place," said he. And soon he had found a good spot by a daisy to begin burrowing. When he had made a hole straight down as long as himself, he lined it with little stones and pulled a leaf half in to close the front door. Then all was ready.

Now, on most nights, he would crawl around to feed on rootlets and grass and leaves and fresh earth; but always he kept the tip of his tail anchored in his front door. So, when anything frightened him, he backed into his hole as quick as lightning.

But one night, when it began to rain after weeks of dry weather, William was so excited about the coolness and dampness of everything that he crawled right out of his hole and went off adventuring.



Dawn came, the birds began to sing, and William couldn't find his way home! It was too late now to begin making another hole, and he was in despair as he hunted hurriedly round.

But just as a thrush came flying down he came to an empty hole left by another worm, and into it he shot as fast as he could go.

"That's taught me a lesson, anyway," he thought as he curled thankfully down.

JANE THORNICROFT



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A. ROBERTS
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Fine Packet 12 stamps includes Afghanistan, Burma, Caledonia, Ethiopia, Malay (Tiger), Manchukuo, Miquelon, etc. Send 2½d postage and ask to see an Approval selection of attractive stamps.

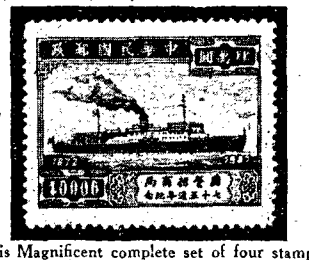
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TWO MINT COLONIAL U.P.U. Stamps issued only a few days ago will be sent free to all bona fide applicants for my *quality* Approvals who send 2½d. for return postage.

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99 Bleak Hill Road, Erdington,
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This Magnificent complete set of four stamps will be sent FREE to all asking for my famous Approvals and enclosing 2½d. stamp for postage.

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"SPRING COTTAGE," DENNINGTON,
WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK

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RIDDALLS BARGAIN CORNER

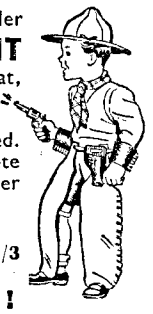
RANGER SIX gun



Break Back, takes roll caps, fitted with Bakelite grip.

5/- Post 9d.

All Leather Ruff Rider **COWBOY SUIT** Including Leather Hat, Chaps, Belt, Armlets and Holster. Beautifully produced. If required complete with genuine Ranger Pistol add 5/-.



17/10 Post 1/3



TODDLERS' DOLL'S PRAM All metal complete with leather cloth hood and apron, spoke wheels. Ideal for youngsters between 1-4 years.

24/3 Pckg & carr. 2/-

SPECIAL OFFER! Hard-Wearing Navy Blue Sateen Shorts suitable for Hockey, Football, Running, etc. Waist sizes 28", 30", 32", 34". Only **5/6** Post free

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7 oz. Crystal-clear lenses. Ideal holiday, sporting events, **40s. 6d.** W.D. model, full size, **£3 10s.** Very special 3-lens achromatic model, **£5 19s. 6d.** Both complete in case, etc. All post 1s. Also **TELESCOPES.**

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Tarpaulins, Tents, Camping Equipment. Send for Bumper List.

HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES, LTD. (CN), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, Loughborough Junction, London, S.E.5. Open all day Saturday.

Reduced to 55/- Post etc. 2/6 incl. Films **The famous SOUNDCRAFT FILM PROJECTOR**

HALF-PRICE OFFER FROM B.I.F. A first-rate machine, approx. 2 lb., complete bulbs and 2 films. Sensational price, **55s.**, post, etc., 2s. 6d. Spare films at **1s. 3d.** Comedy Cartoons, Quizzes, Nature study, etc. 24 varieties. Shows on white background. We supply white plastic screen at extra cost of **5s.** For all homes. *Entertains young and old.* Guaranteed 5 years.

ARMY SHOES New, Brown, Hand sewn soles. Ladies', Boys' or small men's. Sizes 3 to 4, 7, 8, 9. To clear at **18s. 9d.** Post, etc., 1s. 3d.

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Packet large Br. Colonial, Postal Commemoratives to all asking for our Discount Approvals and enclosing 3d. stamp.

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THIS WEEK'S BARGAIN

This week we offer the following bargain packets:

100 different JAPAN for 4/6

50 different JAPAN for 2/-

cash with order

Please note: The packets of 100 different contain the stamps in the packets of 50 different.

These packets are wonderful value. They have been specially selected and contain many scarce pictorials and modern issues. When ordering, please ask also for a selection of our World Famous Approval Sheets.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, Dept. 542, South Hackney, London, E.9, England

Established 1880

FREE ROUMANIA FOOTBALL PACKET

YOU ARE IN LUCK!! We will send ABSOLUTELY FREE to YOU for YOUR collection, a wonderful packet of stamps, which includes this illustrated interesting Sports Stamp issued by **ROUMANIA** depicting a Soccer Football match. You will also find



contained in this magnificent Free Packet, obsolete **BURMA** (King and animals); **SWITZERLAND** (Lake Lugano); **TRAVANCORE** (famous Conch Shell); pictorial **AFRICAN** and unusual International Occupation issue for the **SAAR** territory.

All these marvellous stamps YOURS for the asking; just request **Free Roumania Football Packet** and send us 3d. in stamps for our posting costs—in return we will send not only this Absolutely Free Packet but also some of our famous Windsor Approvals which everyone likes so much. As an extra gift we will also send free one of our illustrated pages of lovely stamps.

WINDSOR STAMP CO.

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With two tone nib 4/4 & 5/6

A REAL GIFT AT THE PRICE

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★ No expensive replacements.
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With 14ct solid gold nib 9/2, 12/10 & 18/4

UNIQUE

Obtainable from Stationers and Stores

CN Bookshelf



Six Children and a Pony

Spring Show, by Helen O'Clery (Collins, 8s 6d).

THIS is a real Irish story, written by an Irishwoman. It tells how the six O'Meara children, who live at a remote spot on the west coast of Donegal, decide to enter their piebald pony—"only a tinker's pony"—in the Dublin Spring Show. It seems a ridiculous idea to the father of this most attractive "gang," but they have their triumph in the end—after lots of fun and many adventures.

Riverside Adventure

The Polly Harris, by Mary Treadgold (Jonathan Cape, 9s).

HERE is an out-of-the-ordinary story for boys and girls of 10 to 14. Caroline and Mick come to a "crammers" in London for a term. In the quaint little riverside district where they live they, with the Prettyman's Hard Chaps, stumble across a mystery and an adventure which holds the reader's attention to the end. A very good book.

Garden Folk

The Idle Gardener, by Frances Berrill (Oxford University Press, 6s).

A BEAUTIFUL garden was lovingly tended by a gardener and his young son. Then, one day, they were missed by the little wild creatures which lived in the garden. The six-to-ten-year-olds who are nature-lovers will enjoy this story, which tells what the little creatures did after the garden was taken over by an idle gardener who allowed it to become overgrown with weeds.

Out of This World

The Forest and the Kingdom, by Meriol Trevor (Faber, 8s 6d).

HERE is an unusual flight into a realm of imagination. There were exciting happenings in the world of Dionysus in 1835 when the young prince of Insula was involved in the struggle between royalties and rebels. Curiously enough, the map of this fabulous island resembles a somewhat battered Britain—minus Scotland!

African Holiday

Blue Smoke, by Y. M. Robinson (Oxford University Press, 7s 6d).

EVERY boy's dream is fulfilled for Tony Miles when he is "parked" on his uncle's 3000-acre farm in Southern Rhodesia, and finds there a cousin of his own age, Tim. Their adventures provide the reader with a fascinating glimpse of African life.

Other Books Received

THE Filipino Twins, and The Colonial Twins of Virginia, by Lucy Fitch Perkins (Jonathan Cape, 5s each).

The Pennyfields, by Diana Pullein-Thompson (Collins, 8s 6d).

Enid Blyton's Circus Book (Latimer House, 6s).

The Plot of the Invisible Crowd—The Story of the Germs (Brainy Books, W. Walker, 7s 6d).

The Football Association Book for Boys (Naldrett Press, 10s).

One of the most brilliant forwards that ever came from Scotland . . .

Billy Steel SAYS



"Here's MY way to cross a road"

"It's a forward's job to break through — on the football field. He must be able to dodge the defence — and have plenty of dash. But dodging and dashing is just asking for trouble when you're crossing a road. Here's *my* way:

1 At the kerb — HALT.
2 Eyes — RIGHT.
3 Eyes — LEFT.
4 Glance again — RIGHT.
5 If all clear — QUICK MARCH.

"No need to run, because I wait until there is a real gap in the traffic.

"In Soccer, you go all out to win; so of course you take risks — *it* would be pretty dull otherwise! But traffic's *not* a game. By taking a chance, you may get killed, or kill someone else. So just use your head, remember you're part of the traffic, learn to be a good Road Navigator, and cross *every* road the Kerb Drill way." Billy Steel

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

TRICK TIME for Rowntree's Gumsters

The Wriggling Insect

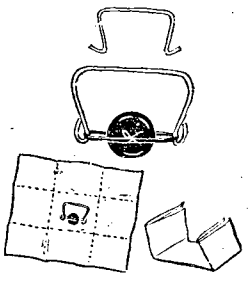
Astonish the other Gumsters with your version of an "insect" that really wriggles. Make it like this.

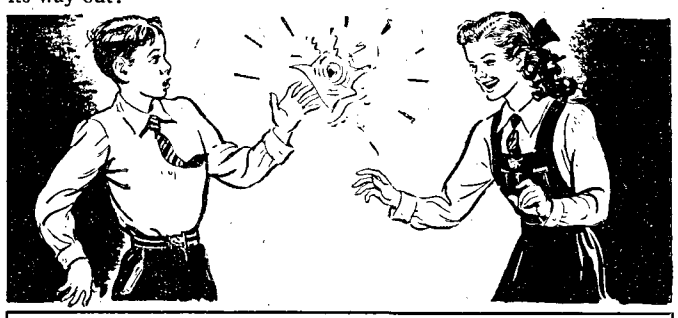
1. Get a piece of wire about 4" or 5" long and bend it as shown in the illustration. An opened-out paper clip or hairpin will do if you have no wire.

2. Loop an elastic band over the two hooks. Place a button in the middle of the elastic band and secure it with some cotton.

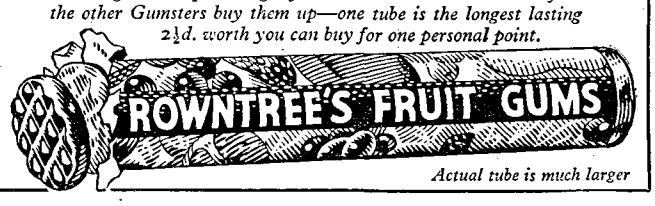
3. Turn the button over and over until the elastic is twisted tightly. Holding it very carefully so that the elastic does not unwind, wrap your "insect" in a sheet of paper and fold it up as shown in the illustration. Now give it to one of the Gumsters.

When the Gumster starts to unfold the paper, the "insect" will make an alarming noise as it wriggles and fights its way out!





You've got to be quick to get your Rowntree's Fruit Gums before the other Gumsters buy them up—one tube is the longest lasting 2½d. worth you can buy for one personal point.



Actual tube is much larger

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The Bran Tub

DEFINITION

Uncle was testing George's general knowledge.

"What is longitude?" he asked.

"A clothes-line," replied George.

"A clothes-line?"

"Yes; a line stretching from pole to pole."

BEE QUICK!

Yelled a harassed old ploughman named Fred,
"For goodness' sake fetch Farmer Ned.
He wants to keep bees,
And he's welcome to these,
For they're swarming on top of my head."

Hidden Hunter

The Autumn Wind got up and said:
"Now for a frolic in the trees."
He saw some lovely woods ahead,
And thought: "I'll have some fun with these."
He cuffed the tawny leaves on high,
Then chased them over carpets green . . .
And yet this hunter from the sky
Could never once, or e'er, be [seen.

RODDY



"It's too bad, Mummie—your window has wrecked my glider."

No Expert

Sammy Simple was sharpening his father's tools.

"Have you finished yet?" asked his father, some time later.

"Not quite; I've just got to get the gaps off the saw."

Jacko and Chimp Get Round Adolphus



Adolphus, unwisely, asked Jacko and Chimp to help with the wire netting.

Acting according to instructions our heroes wound it round and round.

But the result was not exactly the one Adolphus had anticipated.

Poor Percy

"It isn't hard," our Percy thought,
"To walk upon a rope stretched taut."
So on his mother's clothes-line he
Adventured forth intrepidly.
Alas! the wind blew with a roar
And caught the "brolly" that he bore . . .
Poor Perce, still grimly holding tight,
Completely vanished out of sight!

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Autumn Spinners. In the hedgerow hundreds of dew-spangled spider-webs sparkled in the Autumn sunshine.

"Fancy insects being able to spin such beautiful webs," said Don in admiration.

"It is wonderful," agreed Farmer Gray. "Spiders are *not* insects, though. They are classed as 'Arachnida,' and are related to scorpions and mites. Spiders are in two parts, and have eight legs; insects are in three parts—head, thorax, and abdomen—and adult insects always have six legs. Spiders pass through two stages—egg and spider. Insects have three or four distinct phases—egg, grub, pupa, perfect insect."

CAUGHT

A small crowd gathered round to watch the fishermen come in with their newly-caught lobsters. Suddenly a dog darted off yelping, with a lobster gripping its tail.

"Whistle your dog, man!" yelled a fisherman to the owner of the dog.

"Not likely," was the reply. "You whistle your lobster."

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

Field Scabious

The handsome heliotrope flowers of the Field Scabious are found in meadows and by roadsides.



The slender, branched stems grow from two to three feet high. Each bears a single, flattish flower-head, the centre of which is raised, giving the appearance of a pincushion fringed with petals.

The coarse, hairy leaves, growing at the plant's base, are toothed, and shaped like lance-heads. Leaves which appear higher, clasp the stem and are smaller. These grow in pairs.

Can You Find the Titles?

In the following verse the titles of two famous novels by Charles Dickens appear. The words of each title are in their proper order, but are separated.

The old excitement all came back,
When through the book I swiftly browsed.
Great was the bargain. I had had
My curiosity aroused . . .
My expectations broke like ice:
The shop had wrongly marked the price! *Answer next week*

Outlook Improved

He was one of those people who always have imaginary illnesses.

"And how are you today, John?" asked an old friend.

"I'm not at all myself," he grumbled.

"Congratulations! That must be a change for the better."

BEHEADED

Behead a certain number when tis spelt,
And *presto*, friend of mine,
You've made it more, not less.
In fact, you will
Have turned it into nine.

Answer next week

Good Reason

His friends were teasing him about his pride in the place where he was born.

"Wherever I go I meet intelligent men from my native country," he said proudly.

"Naturally," replied the wag. "Intelligent men leave it as quickly as possible."

Sage Saw

Better one word in time than two afterwards.

RIDDLE-MY-NAME

My first's in Japan, but it isn't in China;
My next is in Florida and Carolina;
My third you will find in both Corinth and Thrace;
My fourth's not in Chelmsford but in Cannock Chase.
Now which will you choose when the riddle is done?
It's an odd kind of answer, with two names for one.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle-My-Name

Brian (by changing the middle letters we get brain)

D	I	V	E	R	▒	A	P	E
E	▒	I	R	A	N	I	A	N
P	A	C	E	R	▒	R	I	D
O	V	A	▒	E	T	▒	N	▒
T	E	R	M	▒	A	C	T	S
▒	R	▒	A	T	▒	R	E	P
B	A	A	▒	A	F	I	R	E
I	G	N	O	R	E	S	▒	E
G	E	T	▒	T	E	P	I	D



Boys and Girls!
Here are some jolly good books
- Mary Treadgold THE POLLY HARRIS - - - - - - - 9/-
- Hugh Lofting DOCTOR DOLITTLE AND THE SECRET LAKE - - 9/-
- J. Beresford TAFF THE SHEEPDOG - - - - - - 6/-
- RIDING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS - - - - 5/-
- MODEL MAKING FOR BOYS - - - - - 5/-



. . and here is where to get them
Hatchards
187 PICCADILLY, W.1

C.N School Quiz

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